

few seasons ago, but it was a Walsh practically as good, with a different style of pitching that should pass muster.

His spitball was discarded as his main reliance and he appeared to have trouble putting his speed ball across the plate. But there was nothing the matter with a low-breaking curve that darted across the plate at the batter's knee, much as the famous old spitter was wont to do.

Ed could control it and it is a valuable asset for a pitcher to have. With this curve he mixed the fast one in encouraging fashion. Though he lacked control of the hopper, just remember that he has not been facing batters for two years and is necessarily a trifle wild. The outstanding feature is that the fast one attained speed on its way to the plate and plunked into Schalk's glove with a resounding whack.

Several times during the game comments were heard from the fans to the effect that Walsh didn't seem to be putting much on the ball. And when there was no danger, these remarks were accurate. Ed was not wasting himself in trying to fan out every man who faced him. He knew there were nine innings to go and that he might not be as strong as he once was. He was husbanding his strength for the final stretch in case things became strenuous.

The wisdom of this policy was evidenced in the eighth inning, when Walsh really demonstrated that he is a good pitcher once more. The Sox were three runs ahead at the time and there was a feeling of uncertainty in the crowd and even among the Sox players. The lead looked slender.

Knowlson started with a walk. Jimmy Walsh, who found Ed easy, smacked a safety to center and Klownson scooted to third. Strunk flied to Eddie Collins without damage. Then Davies belted a single to right, Knowlson scooted to third. Strunk to third. Danger was right in the foreground.

The Mackmen were two runs behind, men were on first and third, one was out, and Schang and Lajoie, the clouting duo, were about to step to the batter's box. That situation and the manner in which Walsh emerged from it proved him.

He pitched carefully to Schang, for Benz was warming up down in left field. Joe could have gone fishing, for he wasn't needed. Ed slipped one straight across and Schang let it go. Then followed a low curve, perfectly placed over the inside corner, that Wallie swung at in vain. Ed wasted two trying to make the Mackman bite at bad ones. Then came the supreme pitch. It was a fast one, shoulder high. Schang saw visions of a bingle and probably a tied score. But as he swung the ball broke sharply away from the plate and Schang was struck out.

Danger still threatened, for Lajoie can yet hit. Walsh got the count to two and two. Lajoie had refused to hit at the strikes for, while they were over the plate, neither was a good ball to swing on. The fifth pitch came up to the plate floating. Lajoie knew it wasn't going to be a perfect strike, but he had to hit, and the result was a pop fly to Weaver.

Then Walsh had come back. And he acted like the same old rescuer.

The 28,000 fans who saw the game suffered every time a Mackman hit safely and felt a glow of personal happiness each time the Big Reel emerged through the smoke. They were for him, they were pulling with all their power and they didn't mind letting their hero know it.

After the games the fans boosted Walsh in the air and on the shoulders of two huskies he was carried to the bench, where hundreds crowded around to shake hand with him.

Sentiment still plays a part in the old game, but it must be an even three-cornered break between fans, athletes and magnates. And it is on the South Side.

Red Sox with two games today